

HE SAYS HE WANTS A SILVER CADILLAC WITH RED CORDUROY
UPHOLSTERY

bread and no
place to go he
hates hippies
wanting to be
as free i

won't pay not
even to shove
a woman don't
give nothing
to no i'm

saving now my
friends come
but i'm going
i've got 25
grand a year

in the best
hotels no
destination i
be traveling
alone suites

a huge car
cocaine a knife
studded with
diamonds

HARDENING IN THEIR STONE BEDS

wherever you went
women let you,
i ought to know
but anthropologists
may wonder your
prints on
so many bones
will they imagine
is there anything
left in those
beds to show them
how the only root
you ever knew
was that one
in your legs

OH YES

a man who wants an
e jag and then lets
it get rusty mold
on his nikon he
buys a suede coat
after looking 80 hrs
lets mud cake on it
a man who wants
what he wants until
he has it sneaks
moon dust platinum
soft chunks of gold
past the guards and
then forgets he
wipes his ass with
a pierre cardin tie
imagine how he is
with women to his
mother but worse
if he marries he'll
lock that woman in
a huge house walled
in with trees his
name so tight around
her dead leaves she
becomes a fossil
fast he's already
got something new
like hesse or chess

EVERYBODY'S NERVES ARE
BAD TONIGHT

the way oak leaves
stay around all
winter tho some
thing's changed in them

it's gone and it's
not gone

a wound healing
around the knife